EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

'I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.] UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1843. NO 40.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

A REVIEW

Of the course of conduct pursued by Rev. H. Fraser, Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Branchport—relative to his treatment of Universalism.

[Concluded from our last.]

Whether all or any of his leisure hours were taken up in perusing Edwards and Chauncey, is not certain, although he came armed with the panoply of the former. The night previous, to him, he confessed, was a sleepless one; and I have not the hardness of heart not to commiserate his anxious condition during the day; inasmuch as added to other toils, business compelled him to visit Penn Yan, through moisture and mud. It is said that a brother clergyman resides there, though I have never seen him; and probably it might not be safe for me to conjecture that Mr. Fraser was not seeking advice in the dilemma. This would be calling in question his confidence and courage.

But the night at length came, and an audience assembled with Mr. F. and myself. After a few preliminary remarks by each of us, I called for proposals with regard to the intended discussion.—Mr. F. first presented the question, "Is all punishment inflicted in this life? Or is there any punishment to be inflicted in the future life, for sins committed in this?" I objected to both of these, and gave my reasons. But he insisted upon my accepting, and began to intimate cowardice on my part. I proved to him that neither of his questions affected the main points of difference in our opinions. We wanted questions that would confine us to a discussion on the two great doctrines—endless *punishment* and *final universal salvation*—Partialism and Universalism. But, no; he was unwilling to come up to this close work. Notwithstanding I represented the unfairness and pointlessness of his questions and called upon him repeatedly to present something in his defence—he continued obstinate, and did not attempt to give any plausible reason to justify himself. His arguments consisted in a Pharisaical consciousness of his own dignity, contracted features, writhing actions, contemptuous retorts, and in *winking* at a neighbor, whenever he imagined himself funny. Without being able to afford a particle of proof, he maintained that I had challenged him to discuss the question of *present punishment*. And with all the self-possession of hard faced bigotry, he began to proclaim a victory, taking it for granted that a man may be justly branded as a coward, for not having the simplicity to accept of all the proposals—no matter how *mean* or *unfair*—which his opponent might offer! If this is Mr. Fraser's honorable mode of judgment (!) I would advise him to suspend it unless he can communicate entirely with those who are ignorant enough to credit the priesthood for infallibility.

As he asked me with regard to my belief respecting *present punishment*, I answered him candidly; and in return asked him if he believed in *endless punishment*. He replied affirmatively, of course—though he said that *he did not know as he had ever preached on that subject!* It is hoped that he never has, and never will. And yet it is one of the most remarkable circumstances that ever came to my knowledge—a Presbyterian preacher, believing in eternal election and endless damnation, and never warn his hearers of the latter—never preach his honest belief!

Anxiously waiting to hear Mr. F.'s next proposal, I finally accepted the question relative to future-life punishments—throwing him upon the affirmative—with an expressed understanding from him, that he believed that that punishment would be endless. My acceptance produced no little astonishment and alarm in the mind of the gentleman, and in his flustration he began to accuse me of having some underhanded design. I told him to read his own question—and that was what I had agreed upon, providing his further proposals were reasonable. With trembling anxiety he seized the paper to be satisfied that I could take no cunning advantage, assuming the discipleship which he had attributed to me. This ended the matter.

And now comes the second offer. Mr. Fraser proposed to have a written discussion. And how? Why he would first read an essay two hours long, and in that time finish up on his side of the question—leaving me to answer at leisure, and occupy as much time as I pleased. The fire of Mr. F.'s courage was kindled in his letter, and here it began to go out in vapor and smoke. He could not take the Bible in his hand, and meet, face to face, for an open investigation—he must retire into his closet for a month or less and work out an essay—he said "he could not talk extemporaneously as fast as some folks." Owing to the peculiarity of my friend's notions of debate, I frankly declined accepting his *long-winded* proposal. As the evening, by this time, was far advanced, and as the audience were anxious to retire, some gentlemen called for the reading of the correspondence which had taken place betwen Mr. F. and myself. They had called for the same about an hour before. But my correspondent stated that he could not wait then—he was fatigued, had family affairs to attend to, had been deprived of sleep, etc. Accordingly the reading was deferred. His anxiety to depart, abated then, and he tarried an hour afterwards—until the reading was urged again, and was about to begin, when he took up a line of march, bidding good evening, after having received a promise that I would call on him in the morning.

In the morning I sent him a note requesting that we should finish our meeting for arrangement, where we began, before the same audience—at the place he first proposed—in the evening. Accordingly I appeared with the audience at the appointed time and place. And my brave opponent, the anticipated exterminator of Universalism—*came not!* After waiting some time, the last "vaporings" of his "courage" came in the form of another letter—which I immediately read to the audience. An individual who had the least decency, or respect for himself, would deem the character of that letter sufficiently mean, unchristian and filthy, to cut off all farther dealings with the author. I could not make up my mind to gratify his swinish, or *bragging* propensity by further notice.

After representing me as "dangling in inglorious suspense," "suing for a little grace," he breaks forth in pitiful "commiseration of my sad condition." With regard to the question, he says, "You may take your own time to decide, and stand like the ass between two hay stacks, till he loses all stomach for either." While I would not be ungrateful for these generous tokens of truthfulness, charity and condescention on the part of my refined friend, I would respectfully inform him that my acquaintance with the gentlemanly animal he names, is not sufficient to enter into the sympathies of their stomachs, as he does. But suppose I allow part of the fable for a moment—that part which relates to the two *hay* stacks, between which I stand. By these two heaps of "hay," I suppose he means the two propositions which he has made—very properly compared to hay. These stacks are of Mr. F.'s building. Now the apostle Paul says—and my friend will take him as good authority—that "*if any man build upon the true foundation*," wood, HAY, stubble, etc., "every man's works shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is." Mr. F.'s fable confesses that *his is* "*hay*"—he has manifested it—the day light of truth declares it to this community—it has been revealed in his conduct, when brought to the fiery ordeal of investigation—revealed in the fiery zeal of his first letter and first attempt to crush Universalism—and demonstration is doubled as we behold the last "vaporings" or *smoke* of his "courage," going up in the letter before me, from the decayed ashes of his "two *hay stacks!*" So much for his elegant fable.

But farther. "In regard to the time," he says, "after giving me," (Mr. F.) "two hours to present my arguments, he" (meaning me) "may occupy his amount of time—even till doom's day—to refute them." Here is his condescension again.—Mr. F. may preach and present arguments as long as he pleases, without any argument on my part, at any time—and perhaps I may have the same privilege without his permission. And yet this is his discussion!

Farther: "in regard to the place of discussion, (he says) what thou doest here in Jerusalem, thou must do also in Jericho. It must commence in the synagogue where you reside, and be carried up from thence, to the great Sanhedrim that have been accustomed from time to time to hold their jubilee on these heights of Zion. These are the very honorable terms which I would most respectfully concede to you." And "I would most respectfully" add—"these are the honorable terms" proposed by a minister who professes to be a disciple of truth, candor, charity, love and sincerity—who professes to believe that Universalists are in danger of endless damnation—professes that it is possible for him to convert and save them from error and death—professes that in "a few minutes" he can "convince the young man of his error"—and who professes to confide in, and respect, his Universalist neighbors!!!

After making a few more flourishes—hurling out the most contemptuous and despicable slurs upon myself and the Universalists of Branchport—and dealing out a storm of impious irony, sharpened by his chagrin, disappointed hopes, embittered malice, fallen pride and greatness—he has the cold audacity, unparalleled hypocrisy, and unprovoked fool-hardihood to close in the following bloodlessly triumphant strain: "but if in despite of better counsel, you continue your retreat, then I must bid you an affectionate adieu in the language of the great Prince of poets,

'If thou dost but consent
To this most dastard act, do but despair;
And if thou wantest a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on: or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean;
Enough to stifle such a pigmy in.'

Yours truly, H. FRASER."

Having but little taste for such polite literature, and little acquaintance with such affectionate adieus as this, I do not know as I shall be better able to accommodate the taste of my affectionate friend, than by returning him a very natural parody "on the great Prince of poets."

If thou didst but consent
To own this vaunting spleen, pray shame thyself;
And if thou wantest a cord, the yarn of fibs
That thou hast spun from out thy self-conceited brain,
Will serve to strangle thee; or thou mighst take
The weakest of thy broken pledges; or take
A spear of thine own "hay;" and on thy stack-poles hang.

Dress'd in a priestly gown, to keep the crows away,
And swing for public note; or would'st thou drown thyself,
Draw but a little *sap* from out thy head,
And put it in the sharpened pen,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a *giant* in,
Quench all thy fiery, phosphorescent rage,
Thy harmless wrath, and smoking valor too.

If Mr. Fraser needs any more from Shakspeare, he may apply to his own conscience, that fearful soliloquy of Richard III, which says,

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

Perhaps when thus applied, there is as much truth as poetry in the passage. Let all the steps which he has taken to hinder the progress of truth and free inquiry, be retraced, and in what can he acquit himself as having acted the part of an honorable, honest, charitable Christian? Making every possible allowance, to say the least, his conduct has been such as to baffle description in the use of ordinary language—and I have merely followed it through, that it might speak for itself, and tell its "several tale" of shame and condemnation. In flattering himself that he might trample upon Universalism with impunity, and rail out in vain glory against one of its humble advocates, he has been sadly deceived, and must now eat of the fruits of his own doings. If his own rashness compels him to leave a place where his neighbors have lost all confidence in him, and where he is not able to walk out and hold up his head in vindication of his shame, it is presumed that he will carry with him a lesson of experience, to warn him against volunteering in a career of abuse against Universalists.

I bid him an adieu with no malice or unkindness. His pretensions, his conduct, and the partial principles upon which it has been based, I despise; but as a man, a brother, I love him, pity him, and forgive all his evil intentions against me and the Gospel I love, fully believing that all will result in good, and the wrath of man praise the Lord. I would affectionately exhort him to consider the evil of his ways, and to repent, with full purpose of heart to hereafter follow the path of honesty, charity and peace.

I conclude by remarking, that here again we have farther evidence of the weakness of Partialism—the doctrine of endless misery—and the unwillingness and inability of its professed advocates to defend it in fair and open investigation. Allowing them sincerity in their belief, may we not marvel exceedingly that they have not sufficient confidence, resolution and zeal to come up in honorable defence!

For the Magazine and Advocate.

CARD.

DEAR BR. GROSH:—I wish through the Magazine and Advocate, to express my sincere and hearty thanks to my friends, far and near, who have, for years, so unremittingly and so bountifully supplied the temporal wants of myself and family.—While I live my heart will overflow with gratitude towards such *friends indeed*. May God of his abundant goodness, bless them both temporally and spiritually; and at last crown them with a ransomed universe, with immortality and eternal life.

C. B. BROWN.

Hastings, Oswego co., Sept 28th, 1843.

☞ Accompanying the above card is the following letter, which we will take the liberty of inserting here for the information of our readers; hoping also that it may move them to deeds of universal benevolence to our afflicted and suffering brother. H. B. S.

DEAR BROTHER—The distressed and helpless situation in which I have been so long placed, is my only apology (if one is needed) for not again expressing my thanks for the persevering liberality of my numerous friends, who have so long supplied my wants. For a few weeks past, I think I have been a little more comfortable, although I can not now sit up, or help myself in the least, except I have the use of both my hands. How much longer I am to remain in this distressed and severely painful condition, God only knows. Oh, for a double portion of his spirit, to inspire me with patience to suffer and do his will. It is very fatiguing for me to write, and I must close. God bless you.

Affectionately Yours, C. B. BROWN.

IMPORTANT FACTS,

Concerning the sect, every where spoken against.

The word *sect*, in the Scriptures, means the same as *heresy*. "This sect" means "this heresy," or the people who espouse this heresy—the Christian religion.

Heresy was not originally employed in a bad or reproachful acceptation. The word "heresy" comes from the verb, *to choose;* and certainly no one should be reproached for making choice according to the best of his ability. The use of the word is to be learned by the connexion. When St. Paul says, 1 Cor. xi: 19, "There must be *heresies* among you," he evidently meant, that there would be *sects* and *parties*, entertaining different and conflicting opinions. But, when in Gal. v: 20, he speaks of the works of the flesh, and connects *heresies* with evil fruits, thus—"seditions, heresies, envyings," there can be no mistake but that he uses the word in a reproachful sense, on account of the character and conduct of those of whom he was speaking. And the "heretic," spoken of in Titus iii: 10, 11, was one who was obstinately attached to Judaism; "he is subverted and sinneth; being *condemned of himself*." Hence, he was to be rejected according to his known character.

So long as it is admitted that men have a right to examine and decide, and consequently, *choose*, for themselves in matters of religion, so long it must also be allowed, that there is no harm in belonging to a sect, or denomination of professors of similar faith or opinion. No one need mistake the meaning of the apostle, when he speaks of "damnable heresies," 2 Peter ii: 1. It consisted "in denying the Lord that bought them." This shows that *heresy* does not of itself imply any thing "damnable;" because, if it did, why employ that frightful epithet? At the close of a long and learned article on this subject Dr. Campbell judiciously observes that, "No person who in the spirit of candor and charity adheres to that which to the best of his judgment is right, though in this opinion he should be mistaken, is in the Scripture sense either *scismatic* or *heretic;* and he, on the contrary, whatever sect he belongs to, is more entitled to those odious appellations, who is most apt to throw the imputation on others." Good and true.

The Sadducees were a sect, Acts v: 17. But the Pharisees, the most zealous and respectable class of Jewish religionists, *chose* a different way—*separated* from the Sadducees, and became a sect, distinct sect—they were *Separatists*. Saul of Tarsus belonged to this heresy.

When certain people became dissatisfied with their leaders—"Jesus of Nazareth"—they separated from the religion in which they were educated, and of course were called a *sect*—a heresy. Paul was accused of being a ring-leader among "the sect of the Nazarenes," i. e., the followers of Jesus. Acts xxiv: 5. This heresy was every where spoken against. But the great apostle to the Gentiles was not ashamed of the name. Acts xxiv: 14.—The word *heresy* came to imply something reproachful, by the use made of it by the Catholics. They assumed that they were *the Church—the only true Christians*—and that all who differed from them, were *infidel heretics!* All sects, save their own, were denounced, as anti-christian and hell-deserving. Hence the odium attached to *heresy*.

It is not unfrequently the case, that a people get a *sectarian name* by accident rather than choice.—Names sometimes bear analogy to sentiment, sometimes to forms, leaders, etc., etc.

The word *Universalist*, for instance, has its rise from a particular doctrine embraced; the name *Congregationalist*, from its relation to church government; *Methodist*, the mode and manner of living and acting; *Calvinian, Arminian, Lutheran*, etc., to the several men, who were distinguished leaders in the several systems bearing their names.

The early Christians who believed in the salvation of all men, were not called Universalists. As the Church became corrupt, and embraced cruel dogmas, those who did not follow, but kept along in the even tenor of their way, were called, "*Merciful* Doctors," "*Origenists*," and the like. Even in the times of the Reformation by Luther, "the German Baptists," were known to believe in Universalism, without incurring the reproach of the name. The Anabaptists had espoused the same views, previous to that time, without losing their *caste*.

The name "Universalist," we believe, was first used, in the 16th century, to designate those who believed in the universality of the atonement, and the *possibility* of the salvation of all men; those, embracing sentiments afterward known by the name of *Arminianism*. So that, if there be any reproach in the name, it must be set to the account of those who were the occasion of its use.

But, when a people arose in the midst of the sects, who profess to believe that *all men will be saved*, and held separate worship, in which this tenet was advanced, they were called by their opposers, "Universalists," and persecuted accordingly.

The reason of our having a *particular Creed*, in this country, is not known to so many as it should be.

As the Universalists agreed with Congregationalists, in regard to Church government, they could not be legally distinguished from them, so as to avoid paying *taxes* to support the *then* "standing order" of Priests, until they became a separate denomination, and made a formal Profession of Faith.

In New Hampshire they were so taxed, and the Supreme Court decided in favor of the Congregationalists, as late, we think, as 1803. To obviate this difficulty, which had been anticipated, a "Profession of Faith" was presented by the committee, previously appointed for that purpose, and adopted by the General Convention, holden at Winchester, N. H. The members of the committee were Zebulon Streeter, George Richards, Hosea Ballou, Zephaniah Laithe and Walter Ferris: the Profession was composed by the last on the committee. There were some believers in the Trinity and in future punishment on the committee, and yet all could cordially agree to the Articles presented. They are as follows:

"PROFESSION OF FAITH.

Article 1. We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest and final destination of mankind.

Art. 2. We believe there is One God, whose nature is Love, revealed in One Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole human family to holiness and happiness.

"Art. 3. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected; and that believers ought to maintain order, and practise good works, for these things are good and profitable unto men."

This admirable production, which was absolutely necessary to save a whole denomination from the avaricious clutches of the priesthood of that day, has never been altered by the Convention, and probably, never will be. No particular Society or Church, however, is under obligation to adopt it.

It will be perceived then, that Universalists were under the necessity of adopting some distinguishing name, and of forming, and subscribing to, a particular Profession of Faith, generally declarative of their general system of sentiments.

They did it in good faith, and to save their *lean pockets* from the *legal fingers*, which, a penurious and grasping clergy had so feed, as to make them itch to plunge therein, and seize the last shilling which industry had acquired and prudence saved for the benefit of a needy family.

Now, for myself, though I am not particularly

attached to *sectarian* names, or rather denominational names, nor desirous of having any *creed*, save the Bible, I can see no impropriety, situated as we are in the midst of various denominations, of different faiths in many or *some* important respects, in retaining our denominational character, and openly making a Profession of our Faith, accordingly. Still, I would by no means be tenacious, nor intentionally do any thing to disturb the harmony of true religious feeling and experience, or hinder the progress of the work of grace in the heart and life of all who love the cause of pure and undefiled religion.—*Universalist Watchman.*

ANECDOTE OF JOHN MURRAY.

There stood formerly, on the spot now occupied in School-street, Boston, by the Universalist Church, (Mr. Ballou's) a small chapel with one gallery in front, and another on the left side of the pulpit, which was semicircular, built by some of the Hugunots, who fled from France at the time of the repeal of the edict of Nantz, with their minister, Mr. La Massa; and by them it was occupied for many years. With some of their descendants I am personally intimate. One after another died; and their children gave up their worship, and mixed with other societies. The doors were of course, closed for a long time. At length, Mr. William Croswell, a blind man, (whom I well recollect, and who has at this moment, a son bearing the same name, and a daughter, likewise, residing in the same house with him, somewhere at the south part of the city,) who was called in those days a *new light preacher*, was there for a long time within my remembrance. At length there came along the late Mr. John Murray, the Universalist, (Croswell being old,) and he preached there, for a time, to any audience he could collect. He was earnestly opposed by the ministers in and about Boston, amongst whom the Rev. Mr. Bacon, then minister of the old South church, distinguished himself. It having been given out, that Murray was to preach one evening, in Father Croswell's meeting-house, Mr. Bacon in his zeal went to hear him, in order to answer him after his sermon. As soon as Murray had finished, Bacon stepped up two or three stairs of the pulpit, and called out,—"All that Murray has said is a delusion. I beg the people to stop and I will prove it to them." Among the audience, there were several of Mr. Bacon's parish, who attended in order to "put down Murray."—Murray instantly stepped to the pulpit door, opened it, and begged him to walk in, which he peremptorily declined; not willing to stand even in the same desk with Murray, however, earnestly repeated his request, saying,—"The people can hear you much better, Mr. Bacon, from the pulpit, than they can from that stair." Bacon, however, still declined. After he had finished, Murray rejoined, and excited great laughter, (for he was a great wit) at Mr. Bacon's expense, who grew very angry, and attempted a second reply; to which Murray instantly rejoined, producing increased laughter at Bacon. Bacon's friends were irritated, and ran to an old woman's huxter-shop, who occupied the next building, bought all her eggs, carried them into the church, and threw them at Murray as he stood in the pulpit.—He humorously replied—"Well, my dear friends, these are moving arguments; but, I must own, at the same time, I have never been so fully treated with Bacon and eggs, before in all my life,"—at the same time retiring from the pulpit. This brought a roar of laughter on Mr. Bacon, who left the church, and never afterwards interfered with Mr. Murray.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 28th ult., by Rev. H. B. Soule, Mr. WILLIAM B. TAYLOR, to Miss ELIZABETH HERRINGTON, all of this city.

At German Flats, on the 28th ult., by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr JACOB H. CHISMORE to Miss APPHIA R. MERRY, both of that place.

At St. Johnsville, September 18th, by Rev. J. D. Hicks, Mr. JOSEPH M. FISH to Miss ARMINTHA COUNTRYMAN, both Minden, Montgomery county.

In Norway, September 24th, by the same, Mr. GEORGE BENCHLEY to Miss MARY GIBSON, both of Ohio, Herkimer county.

DEATHS.

In Columbia, Mich., August 14th, Mr. ASAHEL KNIGHT, of inflammation of the brain, aged 60 years. Mr. Knight had long been a believer in the doctrine of a world's salvation, and continued strong in the faith till the last. The consolation of the Gospel was tendered to the surviving relatives and friends by the writer. E. GAGE.

At Buffalo, on the 24th of September, after a short but distressing sickness, of bilious fever, Mrs. SARAH consort of Mr. Jacob Myers, of German Flats, aged 38 years. As long as reason remained she continued firm and unshaken in the faith she had held in health, of the great and glorious doctrine of the final restoration of all intelligences to holiness and happiness through the great Redeemer, and found its power all-sustaining and comforting in the hour of her trial, and when conscious that the hour of her death was rapidly approaching. She has left a husband and one son most deeply bereaved by her sudden death, but neither comfortless nor hopeless in regard to the future. They accompanied her lifeless body, by rail road, to German Flats, where her remains were deposited with those of her departed kindred, and on the 28th a sermon delivered in the Union church at that place, by the writer of this notice, to the afflicted family and a numerous circle of friends and neighbors of the deceased, from Job xv: 11. D. S.

In Sharon, September 5th, BARNABAS ELDREDGE, in the 75th year of his age. The funeral was attended on the 8th, at the Universalist church in Sharon, and a discourse by the writer, to a large and attentive congregation. Br. Eldredge was a Universalist, and he that knows what constitutes one, knows what Br. E. was. So he lived and so he died, rejoicing in the truth and the fruits of righteousness; he was one of the first settlers in that country, and will long be remembered by its inhabitants with feelings of respect.

J. D. H.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in October, by Br. GROSH at Little Falls—Br. SKINNER at Sullivan.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in October by Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

DEDICATION AND CONFERENCE.—The Universalist meeting house in Boston, Erie county, will be dedicated to the one living and true God, on Tuesday the 17th of October next. Br. S. R. Smith is expected to preach the dedication sermon. On the Wednesday and Thursday following the 17th—i. e., the 18th and 19th—a Conference of the Genesee Association will be held at the same place, and our friends generally are respectfully invited to attend, "especially our ministering brethren." A committee will be in waiting at the church, to direct our friends from a distance to places of entertainment. D. ACKLEY, Standing Clerk.

The First Quarterly Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Braman's Corners, on the second Wednesday and following Thursday in October. Friends who come by the rail-road or the canal, will be met at Fort Jackson, (opposite Amsterdam,) and conveyed to the Corners by our friends from that place.

J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

CONFERENCE.—The first Conference of the Otsego Association of Universalists will be held in the Baptist meeting house at Southville, town of Danube, Herkimer county, on the 2d Wednesday and Thursday (11th and 12th) of October. A cordial invitation is extended to all ministering brethren in and out of the Association. Br. Anderson wishes me to state on the word of a Scotchman, that he will see that they are taken proper care of, and remunerated too. Ministering brethren and friends will call, on their arrival at Southville, on Br. Richard Wilson, in the village, who will provide for them places of entertainment.

O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

NOTICE.—All Editors who have favored me with their papers, and all others who have occasion to correspond with me, are desired to take notice, that my present residence is in AUBURN, Cayuga county, N. Y., instead of HOMER, Cortland county, and to direct accordingly. H. L. HAYWARD.

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The Universalist's Guide,	1.00
Ely and Thomas Discussion,	63
Bacon on Religion,	50
Endless Hell Torments Overthrown,	38
Family Prayer Book, by Otis A. Skinner,	50
Names and Titles of Jesus, by Rev. C. Spear,	1.00
Combe's Moral Philosphy,	62
" on the Constitution of Man,	62
" " Digestion,	62
Influence of Religion on health,	69
Merchant's Widow, by Mrs C. M. Sawyer,	50
Campbell and Skinner's Discussion,	1.00
Skinner's Letters to Aikin and Lansing,	56
Memoir of Rev. J. Freeman, by S. R. Smith,	50
Life of Rev. John Murray,	50
Biography of Winchester,	69
Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers,	1.00
Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	63
Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams,	75
Ballou on Atonement,	50
Ballou's Select Sermons,	75
Do. Notes on the Parables	63
Do. Nine Sermons,	50
Do. on Future Retribution,	50
Polyglot Bibles.	

Br. Tompkins—Change direction of Mrs. M. A. Shutts, from Kelloggsville, to Cobbleskill, N. Y.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Woodville, for J McC—P M, Montrose, [Pa,] for B F—P M, Port Washington, [O,] for P V and D H.

THE MEETING.

BY SCHILLER.

I see her still, with many a fair one nigh,
Of every fair the stateliest shape appear:
Like a lone sun she shone upon my eye—
I stood afar, and durst not venture near.
Seized, as her presence brighten'd round me, by
The trembling passion of voluptuous fear,
Yet, swift, as borne upon some hurrying wing,
The impulse snatch'd me, and I struck the string!

What then I felt—what sung—my memory hence
From that wild moment would in vain invoke—
It was the life of some discover'd sense
That in the heart's divine emotion spoke;
Long years imprison'd, and escaping thence
From every chain, the SOUL enchanted broke,
And found a music in its own deep core,
Its holiest, deepest deep, unguess'd before.

Like melody long hush'd, and lost in space,
Back to its home the breathing spirit came:
I look'd and saw upon that angel face
The fair love circled with the modest shame;
I heard (and heaven descended on the place)
Low-whisper'd words a charmed truth proclaim—
Save in thy choral hymns, O spirit-shore,
Ne'er may I hear such thrilling sweetness more!

"I know the worth within the heart which sighs,
Yet shuns, the modest sorrow to declare;
And what rude Fortune niggardly denies,
Love to the noble can with love repair.
The lowly have the loftiest destinies;
Love only culls the flower that love should wear;
And ne'er in vain for love's rich gifts, shall yearn
The heart that feels their wealth—and can return!"

ATTACHMENT.

A STORY OF LOVE AND DEBT.

A curious anecdote was once related to us, with name of person, and place and the date of the event, which we shall repeat for the benefit of the rising generation, who, in their haste to carry out their views, may commit some mistake whose effect will be permanent.

Mr. Rhodes was the High Sheriff of —— county, Massachusetts; and his good name, inherited from the father, and cherished by the son, made him not only popular as an officer, but rather wealthy as a man. Why Mr. Rhodes had never got married, the ladies could not ascertain, though they talked the matter over and over very often; but almost all said there must have been some cause in his youth, (Mr. Rhodes was thirty-five, at least,) which was known only to himself, and perhaps one other.

"Some disappointment," said Miss Anna, a young lady who thought it wrong that gentlemen should be disappointed; "some fatal disappointment."

"Not at all," said her maiden aunt, "not at all; nobody ever thought that Mr. R. had courage enough to offer himself to a lady. He is so modest, that I should like to see him make a proposal."

"No doubt of it, aunt, no doubt of it; and to hear him, too," said Anna.

"Your father and I," said Anna's mother, "once thought that Mr. Rhodes would certainly marry Miss Susan Morgan, who then lived in the neighborhood."

"Was he accepted by Miss Morgan?" asked Anna.

"I don't believe she ever had an offer," said aunt Arabella.

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Wilton, "but she certainly deserved one from Mr. Rhodes; and I have frequently thought that, during services in church, he was about to make proposals before all the congregation, as he kept his eye continually on her."

"Do you think," asked Anna, "that Miss Morgan was as fond of him as he appeared to be of her?"

"She certainly did not take the same means of showing her feelings," said Mrs. Wilton, "for she never looked at him in church, and seemed to blush when, by any means, she discovered that others had noticed his gazing upon her."

"I should think," said Anna, partly aside, "that a man like Mr. Rhodes would not lack confidence to address a lady, especially if she was conscious of her own feelings, and of his infirmity."

Mrs. W. smiled, and aunt Arabella was about to say that no lady should ever evince her feelings under such circumstances, when Mrs. Wilton remarked that once when she had joked Miss Morgan upon her conquest, she rather pettishly replied, "that she may have subdued him, but he had never acknowledged her power."

"Conquest and possession did not go together then," said Anna.

"Well, is this attachment the cause of Mr. Rhodes' single condition? Was there no one else at whom he could look at in church, who would be likely to look at him also?" said Anna, nodding towards her aunt.

"No," said aunt A., with a hearty smile, "none in the pew to which you allude. I at least was too strongly impressed with the force of the tenth commandment, 'thou shalt not covet thy neighbors ox, nor his ass,' ever to be looking *over* Miss Morgan *at* Mr. Rhodes."

* * * * *

One morning Mr. Rhodes was sitting in his office, when one of the deputies read off a list of executions and attachments, which he had in hand to serve, and among them was one against a lady at a short distance. The amount was not great, but enough to bring distress upon a family.

"Let me take that," said the Sheriff, with some feeling; "it is out of your walk, and I will drive to the residence of the person to-morrow morning."

The modest vehicle of the officer stopped at the door of a neat dwelling house in a retired, delightful situation, where all things told of taste and economy. The Sheriff opened the gate, ascended the steps of the house, and asked if Miss Morgan was at home.

The servant answered in the affirmative.

As Mr. Rhodes passed along the hall he thought over the part he had to perform—how he should introduce the subject—how, if the debt should prove to be onerous, he should contrive to lighten the burden by his own abilities; and when he reached the door, he had conned his salutation to the lady, and his opening speech on the subject of his official call.

The servant opened the door—Mr. Rhodes entered with a bow. He blushed, hesitated, and at length took a seat, to which Miss Morgan directed him by a graceful turn of her hand.

After a few moments' hesitancy, Mr. Rhodes felt that it was his business to open a conversation that would explain the object of his visit; so he offered by way of preface, a few remarks upon the coldness of the spring.

"Yes," said Miss Morgan; "but yet cold as the weather has been, and even notwithstanding a few frosts, you see the trees have their richest foliage, and the flowers are luxuriant."

"True," said Mr. Rhodes; "it seems that though there may be a great deal of coldness, that nature will have her own way, and, in time, will assert her prerogative, late, perhaps, Miss Morgan, but still the same."

Mr. Rhodes felt rather startled at his own speech, and looking up, was infinitely astonished to see that Miss Morgan was blushing like one of the roses that was hanging against the window.

"We are always pleased," said Miss M., "to see what we admire breaking through the chilling influences by which they have been restrained, and satisfying our hopes of their ultimate disclosure."

Miss Morgan was looking directly towards the bush on which three roses were clustering in a most gorgeous richness.

Mr. Rhodes put his hand into his pocket, and felt of the official papers, to gather a little courage from their contact.

"I have," said Mr. Rhodes, "an *attachment*."

Miss Morgan this time lent blushes to the rose.

"The attachment, Miss Morgan, is of a distant date, and I felt that too much time had already elapsed; that indeed, instead of entrusting it, as I might have done, to another, I thought that in a matter of so much delicacy, it would be proper for me to come in person."

"For me, Mr. Rhodes? the attachment for me?"

"As I was saying, Miss Morgan, the attachment I have; and I felt it a matter of delicacy to come in person, thinking that my own means might be considered, if there was a deficiency in the value of the property."

"Mr. Rhodes, you seem to be rather enigmatical."

"I, nevertheless," said Mr. R., "mean to speak very plainly, when I say that with reference to this attachment, Miss Morgan, should you honor me so far as to accept my proposition, my pecuniary means would be devoted to the—to the attachment."

"I was," said Miss Morgan, "wholly unprepared for this."

"I was afraid that was the case," said Mr. Rhodes, "and therefore I thought it more delicate to make the offer in person."

"You are very considerate, Mr. Rhodes."

"Am I then to understand, Miss Morgan, that my proposition is agreeable to you? In other words, that it is accepted?"

"Mr. Rhodes," said the lady, with much hesitancy, "I must claim a little time to think of it."

"I will call, then, on my return from the village beyond."

"Let me ask a little more time," said she; "say next week."

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Rhodes, "the matter requires immediate answer; the attachment is of an old date, and time now is every thing. My feelings are deeply interested; and may I not hope that while you are using so short a time to consider a subject, which you are pleased to view as of such great delicacy with regard to yourself, you will allow my wishes and my feelings to weigh with you in deciding in favor of my proposition, which, I assure you, is made after due deliberation upon my ability to perform my part of the contract?"

Mr. Rhodes then took his leave, astonished at his own unwonted volubility, which, indeed, nothing could have induced but his desire to relieve one so much esteemed as Miss Morgan from present embarrassment.

Mr. Rhodes drove to a neighboring place, deeply occupied with his good purpose towards Miss Morgan, satisfying himself that the pecuniary sacrifice he had proposed was due to his untold and unknown affection for her, and not beyond his means.

Miss Morgan felt a renewal of all those feelings which had rather been dormant than quenched in her bosom, and desired the advice of her married sister, who was unfortunately absent. That Mr. Rhodes had once felt a strong attachment to her, she could not doubt; that he had continued to cherish, as she had done, the reciprocal feeling, she had not ventured to hope. But as it was evident that the proposition of Mr. Rhodes was not from any sudden impulse, Miss Morgan resolved to signify her assent to a proposition so worthy of consideration on all accounts.

In less than two hours, Mr. Rhodes drove up to the door again, fastened his horse, and was re-admitted to the little back parlor, which he had occupied in an earlier part of the day.

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Rhodes, "before receiving your answer, which I trust you are prepared to give in favor of accepting my proposals, I wish to state to you that I have reconsidered all the circumstances of my situation and yours, and find myself better able, from some previously unconsidered matters, to keep my part of the arrangement than I thought myself, when I ventured to make the offer; so that the kindness, if you will have that word used in this matter, is all on your side."

"Under present circumstances—I mean those of our long acquaintance, and our family intercourse, though of late rather interrupted," said Miss Morgan, "and my right, by years, (she added, casting a glance at a looking glass that showed only matured womanhood,) to speak for myself, I have concluded to consider your proposal favorably."

"Consider! Miss Morgan, consider favorably! may I not hope you mean that you will *accept* it?"

Miss Morgan gave no answer.

"Nay, then, it is accepted," said Mr. Rhodes, with a vivacity that Miss Morgan thought would have brought him to her lips—her hand, at least.

"How happy you have made me," said Mr. Rhodes;

"having now disposed of this matter, there are ten days allowed"

"That's very short," said Miss Morgan, "only ten days; you seem to be in haste unusual to you at least."

"It is the attachment, and not I, that is imperative."

"You speak rather abstractedly, Mr. Rhodes."

"But truly, very truly, Miss Morgan."

"But why limit us to ten days?"

"The attachment requires us."

"I thought," said she, smiling, "the attachment would be for life."

Mr. Rhodes looked exceedingly confused. At length he started suddenly towards the lady.

"My dear Miss Morgan, is it possible that, for once in my life, I have blundered into the right path? Can I have been so fortunately misconceived?"

"If there is any mistake," said Miss Morgan, "I hope it will be cleared up immediately. I can scarcely think that Mr. Rhodes would intentionally offend an unprotected orphan, the daughter and sister of his former friends."

Mr. Rhodes hastily pulled from his pocket his writ of attachment, and showed it to Miss Morgan.

"This is certainly your *name*, and this property—"

"Is the disputed possessions," said Miss Morgan, "of my sister-in law of the same name, Mrs. Susan Morgan."

Mr. Rhodes stood confounded. He was afraid of the course which the matter was likely to take.

"So Mr. Rhodes, you see the attachment was for this property. Now as it is not mine, and as, indeed, I have title of my own, you, of course, have no claim upon my person."

"I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Morgan, I beg your pardon. You have not the property, indeed, for me to attach, but be pleased to read lower down on the writ; you will see—look at it if you please—'FOR WANT THEREOF TAKE THE BODY.'"

"But, Mr. Rhodes, the promise was extorted under a misapprehension, so that I am released."

"Not at all; you are required only to fulfil the promise just as you intended when you made it. And as to the *attachment* for the widow and her property, I'll serve that by deputy."

In ten days the clergyman, and not the magistrate was called in, and the whole arrangement was consummated.

And aunt Arabella, who was so careful about the tenth commandment, declared that it said nothing about coveting a neighbor's husband, and if it had, she did not think that she should violate it.

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Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barray.

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BOOK OF JOB....NO. III.

A few words in regard to the satan spoken of in this book. As the book of Job is acknowledgedly the oldest writing extant, we must depend on finding the meaning of words used in it, by examining other writings of the nearest date to it. The Hebrew of *Shaitan*, transferred *without translation* into our common version of the Bible, we are informed simply means an opposer—an adversary. It occurs for the *first time* in Gen. xxvi: 21, as the name of a well—*Sitnah*, the term *Shaitan* in Hebrew. But why the name of a well? Because the well was an occasion of great strife, or opposition, between the herdmen of Gerar and the herdmen of Isaac—for it is written—"And the herdmen of Gerar, did strive with Isaac's herdmen, saying, The water is ours: and he called the name of the well *Esek;* because they strove with him. And they digged another well, and strove for that also: and he called the name of it *Sitnah*" The term *Esek*, in the Hebrew, signifies *contention*—of *sitnah* or *satan*, *opposition* or *adversary*. This is the first place in which the word satan occurs in the original Scriptures. I believe it does not occur again until in Numb. xxii: 22, where it is applied to *the angel of the Lord*—thus—"And God's anger was kindled because he (Balaam) went: and the angel of the Lord stood in the way for *an adversary* against him."

Now it is a fact, that the word here rendered *adversary*, is SATAN in the original Hebrew, according to the testimony of Partialist authors; and it is as common a word in the Hebrew Bible as adversary in ours. Any accuser or opposer, is called satan—a letter, is called satan—the angel of the Lord, as we have seen; or the disciple of Jesus, or the Jewish people—*any person*, or body of persons, or *any thing* that opposes or obstructs, is a satan. This is the regular Scripture use of the term, and no Jew before the Babylonian captivity ever understood it to mean any thing else.

I will not stop here to press the arguments against the popular notions, that may be drawn from those very notions themselves—on the impossibility of sin entering heaven, &c., &c.—nor to show the absurdity that exists in supposing the account in Job is any thing like a literal account. Let all that be considered by yourselves at your own leisure. I only insist on the fact, that the word was *never* understood in the present popular sense, until long after the days of Moses—that the doctrine of fallen angels is not to be found in any of the Books of Moses, (where it certainly *belongs as a matter of history* if true,)—and that the book of Job, itself, opposes the popular doctrine, by showing that God is the only ruler of the universe, and that all evil, as well as all good, is of his dispensing. As *a poem*, all that is said in the two introductory chapters, is very good—very excellent for introducing the subject matter of the poem, and all its characters, to the reader. But it is ridiculous on the popular notions, to suppose it a literal history; and that the devil has such near access to God, and so much influence over him!

But I may be asked, what is meant, then, by the satan there introduced—what adversary was there, if not the great enemy of souls? I answer, that *all* opposing, or adverse powers are called satan—and that *all* the powers arrayed in opposition to God, or to Job, are meant by the term in this place—and that they are thus personified as arraying themselves against Job, and conspiring to prove him a wicked man, a defier of the gods, and a mere sycophantic worshipper of the true God. Accordingly, I would understand, in all cases where the word satan occurs, that it meant an adversary—and would suppose that the adversaries of Job were thus represented. The adversaries were—or this satan was—1st. Those tribes who envied Job's prosperity, and conspired to rob him of his possessions—the Sabeans, the Chaldeans, and the Arabs. 2d. Those calamities that produced distress and pain, as the lightning, the whirlwind, and the black leprosy, or *elephantiasis*;—and 3d, The advocates for idolatry, and opposers of religion professed by Job. A. B. G.

NOTES FOR MY FRIENDS.

DOING WELL.—Being unable to attend the U. S. Convention at Akron, in my own proper person; or transform myself into the likeness of the venerable Father Ballou, and go there; I did what was probably the next best thing that I could do to gratify our brethren at the West—I agreed to supply Br. Ballou's desk during his absence. (It is perhaps *some* mitigation of my *immense* claims upon the gratitude of all who were delighted at beholding and hearing Father Ballou at the Convention, to say, that he agreed to go to Akron *before* I engaged to supply for him!)

Missing the Cars.—I left home on Friday night, (after attending the Conference at Lee,) thinking to reach Boston on Saturday evening. But, going by the way of Troy, we reached Albany just in time to see the last puff of steam go up over the eastern hill, like the dying whiff of a smoker's pipe. That was vastly uncomfortable. To have been able to send a letter to a friend in the city of Notions, telling him the cause of my delay, and to assure him that I would be there in good season the next morning, would have been some satisfaction. Ay, it would have been less vexatious, even, to have arrived half an hour too late. But to be just *in time to be too late!*—well, there was no use in running to overtake them, and still less in fretting about it; so I visited Br. Van Schaack and family, and called on Br. S. B. Brittan, the present pastor of the Albany society, and thus passed away my time very pleasantly until the afternoon train left, carrying myself and baggage with it.

The Western Rail Road.—This is a much more beautiful and permanent work than any in our region. The embankments and excavations are very great and numerous from Albany to Worcester, and the excellent manner in which all these natural obstacles have been surmounted, awakens admiration of the powers bestowed by the Creator on man, as the High Priest of nature, and Lord of this lower world. There are some bold and beautiful views, and very picturesque scenery on this road—enough to make one regret sometimes that the rapidly moving wings of water hurry you on so fleetly. The Hudson and Berkshire road, for a part of the way, runs nearly parallel with the Western road, and it excites some interest to mark how singularly the two seem to cross and recross each other as they wind along on their respective courses among the hills and rocks, and over the ravines and streams. Two monstrous serpents could not do it more beautifully.

The awakening.—Having travelled all night on Friday, and slept only about 3 hours at Springfield on Saturday night, the passengers in the "mail train" *snoozed* as comfortably and steadily as the steam whistle (which seemed to be blown about every three minutes!) would allow. On our arrival at Worcester, finding we had about 20 minutes to spare, the most of us started on a tramp of observation. On our return, we found, to our surprize, that it is the fashion to change cars at Worcester—those in which we arrived having returned to "the other depot," carrying with them our valices, cloaks, umbrellas, &c., and those in which we were to depart, being nearly ready for a start. Here was a pretty race for a quarter or half a mile to be run by some dozen of us, against time! We ran—we won—and left Worcester wide awake, of course!

The robbery.—We had hardly left Worcester before we were more thoroughly awaked in feelings of sympathy for an elderly gentleman, who had been robbed of $1115 the day before, on his passage from Boston to Springfield. He had just drawn the money from the Bank, and put it in his pocket book, and that into his coat pocket *behind*, when the cars left. He kept his hand on the pocket, waiting for a chance to transfer it, without being observed, to some more secure place.—But on stopping, and while drinking a cup of coffee, the book was taken. When we arrived at the place, the emptied pocket book which had been found, was handed to him. The last hope vanished, and the poor man wept bitterly. It seems he had been unfortunate in business, and some friend endorsed for him to enable him to start again; and now that friend must sustain nearly the entire loss. While thinking *how* we might approach him, and ascertain his immediate wants, an Irishman, with the prompt benevolence and straightforward impulse characteristic of the nation, went directly to the man, and having ascertained that he was actually left penniless, took out a dollar, and went around among the passengers, and raised upwards of eight dollars for the sufferer. Commend me to an Irishman for laying aside all delicacies when any suffering is to be relieved—he does it "so quick" (as Harry Bushnell, our Utica Blacksmith, would say) "that it makes your head swim!" It gave much pleasure to learn afterwards, that the robbers were caught, and part of the money recovered. It may not be improper also to state, that the kind hearted young Irishman is Mr. J. J. Mahoney, and keeps a clothing store on Ann street in Boston.

At home—not in Utica, but at Br. T. A. Goddard's, in Boston. Arrived here at 8, A. M., and was cordially welcomed by this amiable and excellent family—the three members of which are actively engaged as members of Father Ballou's church and society—in the Sunday school and the choir. Was soon relieved of the evidences of having journied, and washed, and refreshed

and prepared for the duties of the day. And from that hour to this at which I write, I have found kindness on kindness under this roof, where I feel as much at home as I can be, absent from my family. More I would say, but it might not seem proper—less I could not say in justice to my own feelings.

Large shoes.—There is not a man now living in the United States, who has effected a greater, wider, and more permanent a change in the religious opinions of community, (not only of his own denomination, but of the entire religious world of these United States—) than Hosea Ballou, of Boston. He is not only the main moulder of the present peculiar form in which Universalism is professed and taught, but he is also the first writer in these United States who wrote and published a work on the Unity of God, and the corresponding views of the nature and object of the atonement, as held by the Unitarians, the Christians, and others.—And in force of native intellect, shrewdness and closeness of argument, the veteran is yet a match for any opposer who may venture to assail him. You may therefore well imagine that I felt like a very small man in a pair of large shoes, when, for the first time, I stood in Father B's desk, on that Sunday morning, and attempted to preach to a congregation, many of whom had been converted and taught under the ministrations of Murray and Winchester; and all of whom were accustomed to hear, not only Father Ballou, but all the great "wise men of the East," besides! It reminded me of the foolish feat I once undertook—of trying to preach, by lifting up my feeble voice amid the thunder-sounds of Niagara Falls! However, God is merciful to me—I have lived to wonder and smile at that feat of folly.

Boston.—Whatever the rest of the world may think of the matter, *strangers* are very apt to esteem hospitality one of the chief virtues. I have never found it deficient in this city and vicinity; but rather excessive. Anxious to see and become acquainted with those of whom I have heard much, as well as to visit again my old acquaintances, I have not been idle since my arrival here. Calls, visits, and walks have generally occupied me all day, and sent me to bed well qualified to enjoy its repose. In the course of my rides and rambles, I have seen many of the towns and villages around Boston, and intimately connected with it. Indeed, this city looks, in its location with regard to its environs, like a mighty hen surrounded by a large brood of chickens. Its crooked, winding, and sometimes narrow streets, rendered darker by the time-stained externals of the houses, are rather interesting, and some times puzzling to a stranger who wishes to go from one point to another, by the shortest way. Br. Chapin has well compared its winding to those in an old cheese.

I find our cause prosperous as usual in this section. All hands are engaged, each in his own way, in *building up* Universalism—one in doctrine, another in precept, and we trust all in practice, and some in all these varied parts of the great whole. The few excesses perpetrated in the Union Conference meetings held in this section last winter, appear to have done us very little injury, and we can not but think will learn us that even Universalists are not infallible, and may therefore need the admonitions given to the world by the numerous beacons erected by other denominations. The weekly Conference meetings at Br. Skinner's and Br. Streeter's churches, are well attended as usual. Br. Streeter's weekly Conferences have been regularly kept up since the days of Murray, and seem therefore like a relic of olden time. The pulpit of the conference (vestry) room, is that in which Murray preached—and his portrait hanging on the wall, smiles affectionately on the worshippers, while his spirit seems to speak in the warm and cheerful fervor of Br. Streeter's voice and manner. More anon. A. B. G.

WICKED CONDUCT OF CHURCHES.

There is a species of conduct that long has been, and still is very prevalent in the churches of almost every denomination, that appears to us to be very wicked and reprehensible. What we allude to is this:—when a member of the church changes his views and embraces those of another denomination, and asks the privilege of withdrawing from the communion, the church reproaches and abuses him, stigmatizes his character, and represents him before the world as a very bad, if not indeed a very wicked man. And this is especially the case when the individual embraces views more liberal and cheering than those of the church to which he belongs—particularly the doctrines of Universalism. However much a man may be honored for his talents and loved for his Christian virtues, if he become a convert to the holy and cheering faith of the blessed gospel, that all men shall finally be made sinless and happy, with no change in his character save that his benevolence becomes more enlarged and pure; he at once is made an object of hatred and persecution, by the very church which, a few days before, respected and esteemed him. There seems then to be left in that church no charity for him; but like Paul when he became a Christian, he is pursued by his former brethren, with an unrelenting vengeance, day and night. Nor is the pursuit given over so long as there is the glimmering of a hope left of injuring his feelings, or working his ruin.

We have a case in our mind now of somewhat recent occurrence. It is only one of very many of the same kind that have come within our knowledge. An individual, who stood very high in a certain church, and who was, by all his brethren and sisters, regarded as holding a place second to none but the minister himself in talent and every Christian virtue, became by the study of the Bible alone, without any other aid whatever, a happy convert to Universalism. As soon as he made known the change that had taken place in his views, he was labored with by the church; exhorted, entreated, and besought with tears to give up his heresy and not leave the church. He felt, however, that his duty to himself, to the world, and to God, required him to be an honest man and to make an open profession of his faith in "Jesus as the Saviour of the world." To do this and continue his connexion with the church, would be impossible. Besides, he wished to go where he could hear those doctrines in which he believed, proclaimed from the desk. Hence he concluded that it was his duty to ask a letter of dismission from the church. He did so; but as soon as it became known that he was fixed in his resolution to leave them, the church, with a few exceptions, lost all sympathy for him, and turned into his persecuting enemies. They began to throw out insinuations, touching his character as a Christian; these were very soon followed by "darker epithets," "forged in malice's vengeful fires;" and then came "more fearful tales and ominous," until, if the language and *insinuations* of the members of that church, which, before he avowed his change of faith, was wont "to fold him in the bosom of its dearest kindness," had been believed, he would have stood before the world with "just no character at all," or rather with one as dark as hypocrisy could dye it.

Among those who were his bitterest persecutors, were to be found the very men who had been loudest in their praise of his talents, and warmest in their protestations of regard. These men, not satisfied with heaping upon the head of their dissenting brother, the withering anathemas which it is the *prerogative* of orthodox churches to denounce against whomsoever their holy wrath may move them, attempted in a dastardly, mean and most unrighteous manner, the ruin of his pecuniary condition and standing in the world! May God have mercy on such men, and convert them to gospel honesty and Christian charity; nothing else can do it; for the fires of hell, glaring them in the face, have been tried for years, in vain.

Now this conduct appears to us any thing under heaven but Christian. That brother was never suspected of any thing inconsistent with the most perfect Christian character, before he declared the change that the Bible had wrought in his faith. Until that moment, his reputation in the church and before the world, was "without spot or blemish;" nor, if there had no change in his views taken place and he had continued his membership in the church, would there ever have been heard the faintest whisper against his character as a Christian or a man. Nay, more than this; if any one had spoken disrespectfully of him, they would have stood up manfully in his defence, and even pointed to him as a *pattern* of the true Christian's life. When, therefore, for no other reason than that he had ceased to believe as they believed—no change whatever having taken place in his character, only for the better—the members of that church set about, deliberately and with a fixed determination, to blast, if it be in their power, the reputation of that brother, they are doing a deed of such studied wickedness as should make them shudder to think of, and as must bring down on their guilty heads the severest retributions of a righteous God.

It is in vain for them to plead, as they often do, that the man's conduct was so bad—and had been known to be such for a long time—that the church would soon have expelled, or to use orthodox phraseology, excommunicated him. It is no such thing; and they who make the plea, know it to be *a false plea;* and that it was never thought of until after his conversion had come to their knowledge. And even then, instead of contemplating his excommunication, they labored with him; used all their arts of persuasion; exhausted all their arguments; expressed their deep sorrow; prayed around him and shed tears over him; and all this, too, to induce him to abandon his new faith and remain in the church. A singular comment on their plea, truly! It was not until they saw he was determined to leave them, that they ever *mistrusted* even he was in any way a wicked man. But when they saw him about to enter the bosom of another, and one whose sentiments were congenial with with his own, then it was that

"Slander filled her mouth with lying words,
Slander, the foulest whelp of sin;"

And

"Persecution mad, her bloody work
Began and ruin; and to steep in wo
The heart that long had had their praise."

I have much more to say on this subject; but I have already extended this article to a greater length than I designed; I will therefore, for the present, leave it.

H. B. S.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS.

Illustrative of the establishment and progress of Universalism in the State of New York. By S. R. Smith. Buffalo: Steel's press, 1843.

This is the title of a new work from the pen of Br. S. R. Smith, which he has had in contemplation for the past two years, and from which he has furnished two or three extracts, at different times. In another column of this week's paper, will be found another extract, containing an anecdote connected with the lamented J. Whitnal, which may serve as a sample of the more humorous portion of the book. Its pages also contain much that is pathetic, and that can not fail to touch deeply the feeling heart. It is altogether what it professes to be, not a circumstantial and grave history of Universalism in this State; but a collection of incidents connected with the introduction and propagation of that doctrine, with historical sketches of the organization of the Societies, Churches and Associations, the building of the first meeting-houses, enlivened with biographical notices and numerous thrilling anecdotes of the preachers engaged in the great and difficult work of the ministry of these early times, in the State—all chronologically arranged. It commences with the year 1770, in the city of New York, and comes down with its sketches to year 1817; and will probably, in due time, be followed by another volume, as indeed the author has more than intimated it shall be. In the preface he says: "It will be perceived that the present little volume includes but a small portion of our progress as a denomination. Should the time and health of the writer permit, and other circumstances seem to require, the same general plan will be followed in farther attempts to supply what is here omitted."

We are confident that we express the feelings of all who shall read the little volume before us, when we say that we ardently hope Br. Smith will be able to accomplish his design, and bring the Historical Sketches down to the present time. The present volume supplies a

desideratum in our denominational history, which we verily believe, no man living is so well qualified to give as is Br. S. R. Smith. During the past thirty years, his own personal history has been inseparably connected with that of the denomination in this State. In its infancy he was with it—in its long years of trial, when hope seemed, at times, struggling with despair, he was with it in all the strength and ardor of his soul—and in the day of its prosperity and triumph, he has become its pride and glory.

It seems to us, therefore, that no person who has enjoyed the pleasure of making his acquaintance—and what man or woman is there in this State, large as it is who has been a Universalist more than seven years, that is not personally acquainted with Br. Stephen R. Smith? —can rest until he gets into his hands his Historical Sketches. We have read it with intense interest and pleasure, and we may add, profit; and we therefore give it our humble and hearty recommendation to the Universalist public. It is for sale at Grosh & Walker's, 32 Genesee street; *price only fifty cents.* H. B. S.

GRAMMAR.—We shall have to cashier Professor Thayer—or, at least turn him over to Corrector General Drew, for rebuke and correction—unless he minds his business a wee bit better. The world will not, most certainly, tolerate such violations of the plainest rules of Grammar as the following, which we find in the Rose of Sharon for 1844, beginning on page 67, and ending on page 68.

"System upon system *go* sweeping in solemn glory and beauty before him; while cluster after cluster, farther and farther on into the unknown, *reveal themselves*, till it would seem at last, &c."!

Why, sister Sarah! where were your spectacles, that blunder after blunder *were* thus passed by uncorrected, until they seem like blotch after blotch on the leaves of the Rose of Sharon?

It is but just to say that the article is an excellent one, save these errors—Br. T. B. T., don't you owe me one? A. B. G.

Br. Whittemore—Can you inform us of the whereabouts of one E. H. Lake, whose name, as a subscriber, you sent us about the first of May, 1841. He took his paper at Lynn. We sent him the back numbers from the commencement of the volume. He continued to take thepaper until about the close of the volume, when he removed to Boston. He owes us $2.50.

POST MASTER at Richmond, Va., says I. S. Cary has not taken his paper from the office for a long time, and *refuses* to take and pay for it. Said Cary, for aught we know, owes us $9.00. Post Master at Boonville, says James Simonds does not take his paper from the office. Said Simonds owes $5 50.

☞ We have on hand a quantity of volumes of the Magazine and Advocate, bound, which were left by subscribers, several years since. The binder with whom they were left, was about to sell them for what he could get, to pay him for his labor. We took them off his hands. Those to whom they belong can have them by paying for the binding and our trouble, (which will not be much,) if attended to soon. *Otherwise*, we shall sell them, as we have opportunity. The following is a list of them, with the names of those to whom they belong, what is due on them, &c.:

Wm. Currie, volume 2, old series, for 1829, volumes 2, 3, 4 and 5, new series, for 1831, 2, 3 and 4—due, $3.00. —— King, volume 1, new series, for 1830—due, 63 cents. John P. Smith, Lockport, volume 4, for 1833—due, 63 cents. W. Wilbur, volume 4, for 1833—due, 63 cents. D. Sayles, New Hartford, volume 5, for 1834—due, 63 cents. S. P. Landers, volume 4, for 1833—due, 63 cents. J. W. Redington, volume 7, for 1836—due, 63 cents. O. or A. Allen, volume 8, for 1837—due, 63 cents. Nelson Wentworth, Lee, volume 10, for 1839—due, 63 cents. —— Vanderpool, volume 11, for 1840—due, 63 cents. J. Jackways, volumes 8 and 9, for 1837 and 8—due, $1.25.

TREMENDOUS STORM AT PORT LEON, FLORIDA—Our city is in ruins! We have been visited by one of the most horrible storms that ever before devolved upon us to chronicle. Wednesday, about 11 o'clock, A. M., the wind commenced blowing fresh from the southeast, bringing up a high tide, but nothing alarming; at 5 P. M., the wind lulled and tide fell, the weather still continuing lowery.

At 11 o'clock at night the wind freshened, and tide commenced flowing, and by 12 o'clock it blew a perfect hurricane, and the whole town inundated. The gale continued with unabated violence until 2 o'clock, the water making a perfect breach 10 feet deep over our town. The wind suddenly lulled for a few minutes, and then came from the southwest with redoubled violence, and blew till daylight. Every warehouse in the town was laid flat with the ground, except Messrs. Hamlin & Snell's, and a part of that also fell.

Nearly every dwelling was thrown from its foundation, and many of them crushed to atoms. The loss of property is immense. Every inhabitant participated in the loss more or less. None have escaped—many with only the clothes they stand in.

St. Marks suffered in like condition with ourselves. But our losses are nothing in comparison with that at the Light House. Every building but the light house is gone. And dreadful to relate, fourteen lives lost, and among them some of our most valued citizens. We can not attempt to estimate the loss of each individual at this time, but shall reserve it until our feelings will better enable us to investigate it. We give below a list of those drowned, so far as heard from.

At Port Leon.—A crazy negro boy, belonging to Tallahassee.

At the Light House.—Capt. M. C. Robertson, his wife and three children, and a child of Dr. Treadwell.

Joseph Wood, a portrait painter, from Tallahassee.

A child of R. V. Buffins, and five negroes.

Those saved are Capt. Hungerford, his wife and two children, Dr. Treadwell's youngest child, Messrs. Oglesbee, Blethen and Kennedy, pilots, and five negroes.

Our citizes are now out, looking for any that may have escaped, and bring the bodies of those that may be found. Such a total destruction of property has never occurred in our place.

Our loss is estimated at $250,000.

In addition to the above, we have learned that the family of Mr. Edward Walker, living on Shell Point, wife, children, five or six negroes, all perished. Mr. Edward Walker himself escaped by clinging to the branches of a tree until the waters subsided.

It is also stated that there are several other persons living at this point who have not been heard from, and of whose safety great doubts are entertained.

There are also several families from this county, in summer quarter on James Island, and on whose account much anxiety is felt. Indeed, such was the violence of the winds, and the height to which the tide rose, that our imagination can scarcely fix limits to its ravages.

Cedar Keys, Apalachicola, and St. Joseph, can scarcely have escaped without much damage.—*Commercial Gaz., Sept.* 15.

Wiskonsan Wheat crop.—The Southport American thinks 1,000,000 of bushels a moderate estimate for the wheat that will be exported from Wiskonsan, the product of the crop just harvested.

WEALTH OF GERRIT SMITH.—This distinguished advocate of emancipation is thus noticed by a correspondent of the Mercantile Journal, travelling in the State of New York:

"I visted Peterboro', the residence of Gerrit Smith, and the focus of those immense transactions in the purchase and sale of land property, which Hon. Peter Smith so long and so successfully carried on. About forty-five years ago, Judge Smith purchased of the Indians, 60,000 acres of land in one parcel, covering nearly the whole of the present county of Madison, for the sum of $225,000. He subsequently became the largest landholder in the State. His son Gerrit, who some years since inherited the greater part of his father's property, now owns more than one million acres of land in the state of New York alone, lying in forty-eight of its fifty-six counties. His annual land tax is upward of ten thousand dollars!"

Pick Pockets.—These gentry were quite busy yesterday in the Cattle Show, succeeding in cleaning out several of the unsuspecting among the crowd. One man caught a fellow's hand in his pocket—saved his wallet, but lost the would-have-been thief. One man, Mr. Pond of Brockport, came up minus a coat skirt, and fortunately his money was not in that quarter.—*Rochester Rep.*

The Rochester Democrat, of the 26th ult., states that the amount received from admission fees at the show ground was about $1,400, and from members and subscriptions about $1,000—making in all, say $2,400. The amount of premiums for the year $2,000, and the contigent expenses are nearly $1,000. The society receives $700 from the State.

Large Calf.—Mr. George W. Davis, of Windham, Mass., raised a calf this year, which weighed when 17 weeks old, 550 pounds. The calf was weighed again last Wednesday, at the age of 21 weeks and weighed 670 pounds.

The census of Chicago, Illinois, has just been completed, and the population is 7580. The census taken in 1840 showed the number of inhabitants to be 4853. Consequently there has been an increase of 2727 in two years.

Counterfeit two dollar bills of the New England Bank are very plenty in Bangor. They are of the Perkins plates.

Rochester is in a very flourishing condition. About 300 buildings are going up there.

The sentence of death passed upon Isaac Leavitt, for the murder of Mary Knapp, at Scituate, in the county of Plymouth, Mass., has been commuted by the Governor and Council to imprisonment for life.

The ship America, just arrived from Bremen, at Baltimore, has brought a group of the Gipsey race, consisting of William Wagner, the father, and five small children. The girls have jet black hair, which falls in neglected style over the shoulders.

BIGAMIST CONVICTED.—On Wednesday, in the court of Salem, N. J., Alexander Novoscoski, alias Edward Bronowiski, alias Smith, was convicted of bigamy. It was proved upon the trial that he had at present four wives living, and that the whole of them had been at the house of a relative of one of his wives in Newark.

REV. AMOS LEFEVER, says the Broome Republican, the seducer, who was lately tried and convicted at Towanda, Pa., has just been sentenced to imprisonment for three years. Before his sentence, he made a speech occupying three hours, to prove that he was the seduced and not the seducer, and concluded by expressing his willingness to marry the victim of his wiles. His speech, however, did not dispose the judge to lenity, for he sentenced the polutted wretch to the longest term of punishment permitted by the law.

FIRE.—On Saturday night, a fire was discovered in the building just erected on Columbia street, near the corner of Cornelia street, owned by Mr. L. Morgan. It was entirely destroyed; but by the well directed efforts of the fireman, the fire was got under without much damage to the adjoining buildings. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.—[Utica Dem.

CENTRAL RAIL ROAD.—The business upon the Central Rail Road is fast increasing both in passengers and freight. For several mornings past the cars have gone out with upwards of 100 passengers. The quantity of freight going out is large and increasing. The amount of flour coming in averages about 1000 barrels per day, which, we believe, is less than last year this time. This is said to be owing to the farmers being unusually busy in putting in their fall seed, which, in the eastern portion of the State, they are doing more extensively this year than last.—[Detroit Free Press, Sept. 22.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

TRINITY.

The doctrine of the holy trinity is a fatal rock, on which many a devoted Christian has wrecked his hopes, and floated with the shattered bark down the stream of time, till he ultimately landed in the dominions of infidelity. A system that teaches us one of the fundamental tenets on which it rests, that there are one, and that a thing can *be*, and *not be*, at the same time, is too absurd to meet with encouragement, even from the implicit believer, much less from the vigorous and independent mind that dares to launch into the ocean of manly investigation.

Were this principle of reasoning to be admitted, it would confound all the transactions of human life, reverse the entire system of mathematics, and, in short, would reduce all things to irremediable disorder and chaotic confusion. To say that a square, a circle, and a triangle, have each an independent existence, and yet are one and the same, is an absurdity, that even the intellectual capacity of a child would intuitively discover. If a triangle has in itself qualities sufficiently distinct to entitle it to an appellation independent of that of a circle or a square, this fact alone affords conclusive evidence, that the triangle is neither a circle nor a square, but a triangle; and by that appellation alone is the qualities of the triangle conceived by the mind. When we are informed that a triangle is described on the blackboard, the conception of the mind is entirely different from what it would have been, if we had been informed that a circle or a square is described; and the mind irresistibly concludes that a triangle is there described, and not a circle or a square. So when we are informed that Christ suffered upon the cross, the mind necessarily concludes that Christ was there and suffered, and not God. And, again, when we are further informed that God sent his only begotten Son into the world to redeem sinners, the mind conceives that Christ, a personage distinct from Deity, was sent, and not God; for to say that God sent himself, is a perversion of human language, and an absurdity too palpable to need reflection. "But," says the objector, "the three personages are one in spirit, and not in substance." Suppose that I were to retort, and say, the three mathematical figures are one in essence, and not in quality; what idea has the mind of this oneness of essence, as distinct from that of their individuality in quality?—a distinction that involves a metaphysical subtlety too refined for the comprehension of any being.

It perhaps is not necessary to dwell any longer upon this complicated system of human folly, except to remark upon the tenacity with which Trinitarians support a doctrine so fraught with absurdity, and diametrically opposed to every principle of reason and common sense; when a doctrine perfectly consistent, which involves neither mystery nor contradiction, is distinctly taught in the same volume from which they have extracted, and by combination formed, this ideal phantom, the endeavor to comprehend which has called forth so many metaphysical disquisitions.

St. Paul was so sensible of the finity of the powers of Christ, that he does not hesitate to call him a man, 1 Tim. ii: 5, "For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." The Saviour himself in repeated instances, acknowledges that his power was not eternal. Matt. xxviii: 18, "All power is *given* unto me in heaven and earth." Matt. xi: 27, "All things are *given* unto me by my Father."—He also calls God "my God," indicating that God is a being so distinct from himself, that he claimed a property in him; which could not be the case, if they were identified. And again he says, "Thou hast sent me into the world, as I have sent them (disciples) into the world." These declarations, so explicit, are amply sufficient of themselves, to establish beyond doubt, the dependence of Christ, and his man-identity with Deity, exclusive of the numerous other Scriptural proofs that can be adduced.

Daniel who prophecied of the birth of Christ, gives additional evidence that Christ was not identified with God, either in spirit or substance, when he says that "there was *given* him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom"—meaning undoubtedly that it was given to Christ—for if it was to Deity himself that this donation was made, (as Trinitarians virtually maintain,) He must previously have been finite in his attributes, and consequently imperfect. John still more explicitly declares the dependence of Christ and his powers, when he says, that "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do." And further, Jesus (as recorded in Matthew and Mark) speaking of an impending calamity, distinctly declares that he is finite in knowledge, "But of that day knoweth no man, not even the angels, neither the Son, but the Father."

But says the objector, I have one passage of itself, sufficient to silence for ever any doubt as to the identity of Father and Son, viz., "I and the Father are one, and he that hath seen the Father, hath seen me." But I reply that this oneness of the Father and Son, intimated in this passage, was intended to mean nothing more nor less than their union and agreement in the great work which he had undertaken, and as a corroboration of this fact, I refer the objector to John xvii: 21, where Christ prays that his disciples may be one, even as he and his Father are one—not meaning that John may be identified with Peter, or *vice versa*, but that they may be well agreed in the Gospel salvation. And so of the passage, (upon which Trinitarians found their doctrine,) "I and the Father are one; he who hath seen the Father hath seen me"—unquestionably intended to convey the idea that there was an indentity in the objects for which they labored, and that there was a union and agreement in the work which they had undertaken.

Now I believe it is a rule universally admitted, and practiced upon by learned and unprejudiced commentators, that where two constructions may be put upon a passage, that one should be received which is most directly supported by the context, so long as it does not contradict reason and common sense. Adopting this rule of interpretation, there can not remain a doubt as to the separate individuality of Father and Son, either in spirit or substance.

JUVENIS.

Cambridge, Mass.

From the Historical Sketches.

HOW TO FORM AN ACQUAINTANCE.

BY REV. S. R. SMITH.

The session of the Association was held this year in Homer, Cortland county, and the journey of about seventy miles, was made on horseback by our company, which consisted of several preachers and lay-delegates. On the day preceding the session—a genuine Spring day—damp, dreary, with a perseveringly steady and chilling wind, we travelled some forty miles over a detestable road. It would give but little idea of our situation on reaching our destination—to say, that we were wet and fatigued—we were cold, exhausted and covered with mud. But a shelter, a warm supper and a warmer welcome—together with the constant succession of new arrivals of friends, made ample amends for any inconvenience already suffered.

Among the new arrivals was Mr. Whitnal, already named; and who had been but recently converted from the Baptists. His appearance was as singular as his mental peculiarities were extraordinary; and he was in all proper senses of the phrase, an "everlasting talker." Too young and too little known to win his attention, I had leisure and opportunity to observe his movements and unfailing tact. He literally flew from one person to another, like a bee from flower to flower—and apparently for the sole purpose of talking and rendering himself conspicuous. Nothing however was farther from his intentions; for no man living was less vain or pretending; and he talked perpetually for the simple reason, that he could not keep his tongue still.

The fatigue and discomfort of the day, sent several of us early to rest—but not to sleep. For the large lodging room, where some eight or ten persons were to spend the night, was directly over that in which our friends were still engaged in conversation; and the clear sharp voice of our new preacher seemed to penetrate the walls and flooring as if they were gauze—and came pealing in with unceasing din. Add to this, the bursts of laughter which his profoundly comic style and manner provoked; and it will be perceived that sleeping was entirely out of the question. At length the conversation ceased, the door of our chamber opened, and Mr. Whitnal entered. My bed was near the door, and turning to me and holding the light above his own head and looking steadily in my face for a few seconds—he commenced.

"Yes—this is Br. S.; well I have got *acquainted* with all the rest of the preachers; and now you must come to it."

"Excuse me to-night—it is getting late—I am fatigued; and besides, it may take some time to form an acquaintance."

"O no; it will take but a few minutes—it *must* be done you know, and may as well be done now as any time."

There was some reason in this; and while I was meditating whether to answer, or to laugh at our position, he took advantage of the pause, and proceeded.

"When travelling, I make it a rule to tell those where I stop, who I am, where I am going, and my business—this you know saves time and trouble. So in coming here to-day, I had occasion to call at a farm house for a drink of water; and while the good woman was getting it for me, I told her that my name was W.—that I was a Universalist preacher, and was going to a Universalist Association."

LADY.—"A Universalist—pray what will you do with the case of Esau?"

WHITNAL.—"Why—what of Esau madam?"

L.—"O, he sold his birthright, you know."

W.—"Yes; but what was his birthright?"

L.—"Why, his *soul* to be sure."

W.—"His *soul!* Well, do you suppose that Jacob had Esau's soul? You must remember that he fairly bought it."

L.—Hesitating—"Yes, that seems probable."

W.—"And what, do you think, became of Jacob?"

L.—"O, he went to heaven no doubt."

W.—"Well—do you think he took Esau's soul along with him?"

L.—Hesitating again—"Yes, that seems probable."

W.—"Now what do you think became of Esau?"

L.—"Of Esau?—Why no doubt he went to hell."

W.—"But that is rather odd ma'am, that Jacob should go to heaven with *two* souls, and poor Esau to hell *without any*."

He gained his object—we were emphatically *acquainted* from that time forward while he lived.

Peace to his ashes, and honor to his memory.—He was truly "one of nature's noblemen," generous, self sacrificing and sincere. In the midst of opposition and reproach, he witnessed a good profession, and with all his eccentricities, he won friends and honored the truth. He died, as he had lived—believing and cheerful, resigned and happy in the hope of universal grace and salvation.

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